THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 28, 1807.

Particulars of the Life of the late Rear-Admiral Louis.

HE was born at Exeter about the year 1759, and before he had completed his twelfth year, embarked on board the Fly sloop of war, Captain Graham, as midshipman, and in the year following was removed into the Southampton frigate, then commanded by captain afterwards Admiral Macbride. It was in the year 1772, while Mr. Louis belonged to the Southampton, that that ship, accompanied by the Seaford frigate and the Cruiser sloop, conveyed the unfortunate queen of Denmark from Elsineur to Stade. He continued in this frigate 'till 1774, when he was removed into the Kent, of 74 guns, Captain Fielding, and also served again in the Fly sloop, Southampton and Orpheus frigates, and in 1775 was removed into the Thetis frigate, in which he made a voyage to St. Helena, under his first commander, Captain Graham. He remained in this ship 'till July, 1777, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Bienfaisant, of 64 guns, Captain Macbride, in which ship he served in the action fought on the 27th of July, 1778, between the English fleet under Admiral Keppel, and the French under Count d'Orvilliers; in this engagement the Bienfaisant escaped without a single man being hurt, a circumstance which must be attributed to her position in the line being such as to prevent her from taking any decisive part in the engagement.

In 1779, Lieutenant Louis, having been appointed first of the Bienfaisant, sailed in her with the squadron under Admiral Rodney, destined for the relief of Gibraltar. On their passage out they had the good fortune to capture, after a chase of a few hours, the whole of a Spanish convoy from St. Sebastian bound to Cadiz, laden with naval stores, provisions, &c. under the es-

cort of seven ships and vessels of war, belonging to the royal Caraccas company; and the Bienfaisant, commanded by Captain Macbride, captured the Guipuscoa, of 64 guns, the commanding ship of the convoy. But a more gratifying event to a British naval officer was on the point of taking place; this was the action which took place on the 16th of January, 1780, between the fleet under Admiral Rodney, and the Spanish squadron under Admiral Langara, the result of which was the capture of one ship of 80 guns, 5 of 70, the St. Domingo, of 70 guns, blown up, and the Spanish commander in chief taken prisoner. In this engagement it was the lot of Lieutenant Louis to witness some warm work; the St. Domingo, which blew up at the moment of her destruction, was in close action with the Bienfaisant, after which that ship lay alongside the Spanish admiral's ship, the Phœnix, of 80 guns, and compelled her to strike her colours. As the crew of the Bienfaisant were afflicted with the malignant small-pox, Captain Macbride did not remove the Spanish sailors from their own ship, from motives of humanity, but only sent Lieutenant Louis and a party of seamen to take possession of the Phœnix, and conduct her to Gibraltar, after which fortress, on her being taken into the British navy, she was named, and she still holds her rank among the wooden walls of Britain. Admiral Rodney was so much pleased with the seamanship displayed by Lieutenant Louis on this occasion that he offered either to take him to the West-Indies, and promote him to the first vacancy there, or to give him an acting-captain's commission to carry home the Phœnix, in the hope that the lords of the Admiralty would confirm him, or at all events promote him to the rank of commander. He accepted the latter proposal, and about the middle of February, sailed for England, with the rest of the Spanish prizes, and part of the fleet under the command of Admiral Digby, and on their passage home captured part of a French convoy bound to the Mauritius.

Not being fortunate enough on his arrival in England to obtain the wished for promotion, he was ordered to return to the Bienfaisant, and in the course of a few weeks that ship was dispatched into St. George's channel, with the view of falling in with a French ship of war, which was known to have sailed from Brest on a cruise in that quarter. On the 13th of August, the Bienfaisant, then being off the Old Head of Kinsale, observed a large ship, which afterwards proved to be Le Comte d'Artois, commanded by the Chevalier Clouard, and the ship they expected as above related, when, after an engagement of an hour and ten minutes, the Artois struck her colours, and surrendered. A few months after this action, Captain Macbride removed into the Artois, which was considered to be the finest vessel of her class in the world, and Lieutenant Louis went

went with him; but in the space of two months, and early in 1781, on the earnest recommendation of his captain, he was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the Mackworth armed ship, in which he was employed in convoying the trade from Plymouth to the Bristol Channel, and back.

In 1782, Captain Louis was sent to Ireland, as the regulating officer at Sligo and at Cork, where he raised 5000 of the seamen whom the Irish parliament had voted for the use of government. He remained on that service 'till January, 1783, when Admiral Keppel, just at the conclusion of the American war, promoted him to the rank of post-captain. A long and tedious season of inactivity now ensued, and it was not 'till the breaking out of the war in 1793, that he was again employed, when Admiral Macbride, his old commander, selected him to be his captain in the Quebec frigate, on the Downs station. He was soon afterwards appointed to the Cumberland, of 74 guns, which ship he was enabled to man almost entirely with volunteers, from the neighbourhood of Torbay, in the vicinity of which he had resided during the time of peace. In this ship he did not remain long, for in the spring of 1794, he commanded the Minotaur, a new 74 gun ship, then in the Channel fleet under Admiral Montague. His old friend, Admiral Macbride, afterwards hoisted his flag on board the Minotaur, which during that year was employed in cruising off the coast of France. In 1795, his ship was in the fleet under Earl Howe, which escorted the East and West-India, and other convoys, clear of the Channel, and afterwards cruised off Brest, and in the Bay.

Early in 1796, Captain Louis proceeded to the West Indies, where he arrived in March with a convoy, and returned to England almost immediately, convoying a large fleet of merchantmen. In May, 1797, Captain Louis was in the Channel fleet under Lord Bridport, after which he was ordered into the Mediteranean to join the fleet under Earl St. Vincent. On the 30th of April, 1798, Admiral Nelson, who had joined Earl St. Vincent on the preceding day, off Cadiz, was detached into the Mediterranean with a small squadron, consisting of three sail of the line, two frigates, and a sloop of war, and soon after Captain Louis sailed with a squadron under Captain Trowbridge to reinforce him. A junction was formed between the two squadrons on the 8th of June, when Admiral Nelson's fleet amounted to thirteen sail of the line, a 50-gun ship, two frigates, and a sloop of war.

The long cruise which succeeded, in quest of the French fleet, then on its passage to Egypt is well known: we will therefore only mention that the enemy were discovered at anchor in Aboukir Bay, on the 1st of August, and as the battle which

succeeded that discovery has been detailed again and again, we cannot do more than notice the exertions of Captain Louis in fulfilling the orders and anticipating the desires of the brave and victorious Nelson. When the Vanguard, Admiral Nelson's ship, anchored alongside Le Spartiate, she became exposed to the raking fire of L'Aquilon, the next ship in the enemy's line; by which the Vanguard had between 50 and 60 men disabled in the space of ten minutes. Owing, however, to the gallant and judicious manner in which Captain Louis took his station a-head of the Vanguard, the Minotaur not only effectually relieved her from this distressing situation, but overpowered her opponent. Admiral Nelson felt so grateful to Captain Louis for his conduct on this important occasion, that about nine o'clock, while yet the combat was raging with the utmost fury, and he himself suffering severely in the cockpit, from a wound in his head, he requested Captain Berry to hail the Minotaur, and desire Captain Louis would come to him, as he could not have a moment's peace until he had thanked him for his conduct, adding "this is the one hundred and twenty-fourth time I have been engaged, but I believe it is now all over with me." The subsequent meeting which took place between the admiral and Captain Louis was affecting in the extreme: the latter hung over his bleeding friend in silent sorrow—"Farewell, dear Louis," said the admiral, "I shall never forget the obligation I am under to you for your brave and generous conduct, and now, whatever may become of me, my mind is at peace." The result of this engagement is well known to have been the destruction of the French fleet. The Minotaur, Captain Louis's ship, sustained a loss of 23 killed and 64 wounded; and he, in common with the other captains of the fleet, received the thanks of parliament, accompanied by a gold medal, emblematical of the victory, and was presented with a sword by the city of London.

In the summer of 1799, Admiral Nelson being still in the Mediterranean, Earl St. Vincent dispatched Captains Louis and Trowbridge to take possession of the Roman territory, and having entered into articles of capitulation with the French General Grenier, a detachment of 200 seamen and marines was landed from the Minotaur and Culloden for the purpose of taking possession of Civita Vecchia, Cornatto, and Tolfa; whilst Captain Louis and General Bouchard proceeded to take possession of Rome on the same terms. For this service Captain Louis was afterwards presented with the insignia of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit. During the remainder of the war, he continued in the Mediterranean; and on the unfortunate destruction of the Queen Charlotte, in 1800, had the honour of receiving the flag of Lord Keith on board the Minotaur; and in the spring of 1801, was still farther gratified

tified by his lordship's selecting him for the service on the coast of Egypt.

On peace taking place in 1802, Captain Louis returned to England, and retired during that season of temporary rest on half pay; but as the principles on which the French government acted precluded so desirable a state of things as peace might have afforded, at the commencement of the present war his services were again called for, and he was appointed to the Conqueror, a new 74, in which he continued 'till his promotion to the rank of rear-admiral of the white, which took place on the 23d of April, 1804. He then hoisted his flag in the Leopard, of 50 guns, and commanded on the Boulogne station during the whole of that year.

In March, 1805, Lord Nelson then going to the Mediterranean, particularly applied for Admiral Louis to serve under him, and he was accordingly appointed to the Canopus, of 80 guns, one of the prizes of the battle of the Nile. He accompanied Lord Nelson in the arduous task of chasing the French fleet to the West-Indies and back, after which he was detached by his lordship, on a particular service, to Tetuan Bay, with seven sail of the line. To this absence of Admiral Louis from the main fleet, has generally been attributed the inducement of Admiral Villeneuve's venturing out from Cadiz, a circumstance to which we are indebted for the victory of Trafalgar, the most brilliant that ever graced the naval annals of this country. However disappointed Admiral Louis might be in not sharing the glorious honours of that day, yet it was in some measure made up to him, when in returning from the Mediterranean he fell in with Admiral Sir John Duckworth, who having received intelligence of a French fleet being in the West-Indies took our gallant officer under his command and pursued them. He had the good fortune to come up with them off the town of St. Domingo, on the 6th of February, 1806, and never was victory more complete or decisive. For the share which Admiral Louis bore in the action of St. Domingo he received the thanks of both houses of parliament, and was presented by the committee of the patriotic fund with a vase, valued at 300l. with an appropriate inscription. His majesty was also pleased to confer on him the dignity of a baronet, and to allow him the privilege of having supporters to his armorial bearing.

After performing the service above-mentioned in the West-Indies, he returned to his station in the Mediterranean, where he remained for some time, and then came to England, where he was making preparations for a secret expedition, when the news arrived of a French squadron, in which was Jerome Bonaparte, being on its return to Europe from the West-Indies. In consequence of this intelligence, the military force of the expedition was debarked, and Sir Thomas Louis, in the Canopus,

pus, with ten other ships of the line, put to sea early in September, with the view of intercepting the French squadron, and during this cruise captured the enemy's frigate, the President, of 44 guns. In October he joined Lord Collingwood before Cadiz, and was afterwards detached under Sir John Duckworth on the expedition which ended so unfortunately in the Dardanelles. On the return of Admiral Duckworth, Sir Thomas Louis was left with the British naval force before Alexandria, after that city was taken possession of by General Fraser. Whilst on this station he was seized with a complaint in his bowels, which terminated fatally: on the 16th of May he was on shore walking, and complained of a little pain. On his return on board he ate his dinner heartily, and felt much relieved, but unfortunately, about four the next morning, he was again attacked, when it appeared that an inflammation of the bowels had taken place, which, in the course of the day, produced mortification, and he died about ten in the evening of the 17th of May. His remains were sent to Malta to be interred near those of General Abercrombie.

Sir Thomas Louis married early in life a Miss Belfield, by whom he has left four sons and three daughters. His eldest son, now Sir John Louis, is a post-captain in the navy, and his youngest son, Charles Belfield Louis, is studying in the naval academy at Portsmouth. He was an active and courageous officer, and his character will be best appreciated from a review of the actions in which he was engaged; in all of which he acquitted himself with courage, humanity, ability, and integrity.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 4.

To the Editor,

Sir,

I Hate innovations of every description, particularly such as tend to introduce equality. Times are wonderfully altered since *my* recollection, and if some check be not given to the progress of error, Heaven only knows what will become of us. People *now*, forsooth, must all be esquires! even mechanics have the presumption to assume that once enviable title. What would our forefathers think, could they but peep into a modern post-office, where nine letters out of ten are directed to an *esquire*? Why, probably, that every inch of waste ground in the united kingdom was brought into a state of cultivation, and that these aspiring candidates for titulary honour were the worthy performers of so laudable a work. Every schoolboy

knows there are three degrees of comparison, (for instance) *bonus, melior, optimus*—good, better, best; for the sake, therefore, of accommodating all parties with a title according to their respective stations in life, suppose we endeavour to compare the one in question, reversing the regular order, and beginning with the superlative; what shall we make of it? esquire, 'squiret, 'squirt!—This exactly answers my wishes; let every gentleman of five hundred a year, and upwards, be dignified as an esquire; all, under that income, as squirets; and let the motley race of fashionable young *gemmen*, that strut the lobbies of Covent-Garden and Old Drury, or lounge within the bright meridian of Bond-street, be contented with a simple squirt. As for tradesmen, they have, or *ought* to have, titles over their shop-doors; and stand as much in need of an additional one, as a monkey does of a dancing-master.

There is another prevalent absurdity that demands severe animadversion; I mean, that of giving children a greater number of names than an ordinary memory can retain, or a person of common talents pronounce. Instead of our good old Betsy, Mary, Joan, Sally, Ann, &c. &c. our ears are tortured by a disgusting repetition of unintelligible appellations, to which Greek or Hebrew would sound quite poetical. It is no uncommon thing to hear such an exclamation as "Anastatia, Maria, Theresa, Sophia! you nasty stinking little slut, what are you doing in the gutter there?"—and Miss Emily Dorinda is sent supperless to bed for spitting in little Master Ferdinando's face! What says the Newgate Calendar? It tells us that an Evelina has been tried for a burglary, and a Euphrosine condemned for the murder of a natural child; whilst Misses Lucretia, Clementina, and Penelope sailed in the last transport for Botany Bay.—I shall only add, at present, that these are the baneful effects of pride: and that pride is the offspring of ignorance.

I am, Sir,

X. A LOVER of CONSISTENCY.

MR. EDITOR,

Frequently, in the course of the last week, I have been exclaiming with the afflicted patriarch, "Wearisome nights are appointed to me, and I am full of tossing to and fro, unto the dawning of the day." The fact is, some votary of Nimrod thinks proper to confine his dog in this neighbourhood, and the poor prisoner keeps such a melancholy howling, that "nature's soft nurse" has entirely forsaken me, and I arise in the morning more fatigued than when I retired to my chamber. I am not at all surprised that old women and conjurers should cherish the superstition, that the nightly howling of this animal is a prognostic of the approach of death, for never were

mortal

mortal ears annoyed by a more dolorous ditty; even the music of the catterwauling lovers that serenade me from the house top is melody itself, in comparison with the deep-toned yells of this canine captive. I have written an ode on the occasion, which I beg leave to drop into your letter-box, hoping it will find its way to the owner of this musical quadruped, and that, out of compassion to my delicate nerves, the cause of complaint will be removed.

Oh cease thy howls! in pity, cease!
Nor thus disturb the little peace
Which sleep would fain bestow;
'Tis all the calm that soothes my mind,
'Tis all the solace that I find
To mitigate my woe.

Rather to those whom fortune guides
Securely o'er the dang'rous tides
Of life's tempestuous sea;
Rather to scenes where mirth abounds
Convey these melancholy sounds,
Than to a wretch like me.

To souls by misery oppress'd,
Too seldom comes the balm of rest
And transient is its reign;
Like wintry sun-beams, ever fleet,
It flies, and leaves the heart to beat
With renovated pain.

Then cease thy sad prophetic yell,
Nor nightly break the magic spell
Of visionary sleep;
Hence to the couch by fortune blest,
But, oh! in *silence* guard the rest
Of those that wake to weep.

I should hope, Mr. Editor, these stanzas would have the desired effect; otherwise, I shall be driven to the disagreeable necessity of pursuing a more effectual, though much less delicate method of ridding the neighbourhood of such an abominable nuisance.

I am your humble servant,

X.

NOBLE PRIDE.

IN a curious antiquarian work just published, among other anecdotes of the "*great*," duke of Somerset (Charles, the

sixth duke) it is mentioned that he had a great aversion to being looked at or spoken to by inferiors. His servants obeyed him by signs, and when he went out in the country the roads were previously cleared. "Go out of the way," said his servant one day, haughtily, to a countryman, *who was driving a hog*. "Why?" said the surly rustic. "Because my lord duke is coming, and he don't *like* to be *looked* on." The countryman, enraged, seized the *hog* by the *ears*, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I woull zee him, and my *pig* shall zee him too."

POSTSCRIPT
TO
THE RING.

(Continued from Page 750.)

ONE morning Lord Grandfield looking for something in his bureau, observed the black cases that contained the jewels, and reminded him of forgetting to deposit them in a safer place. They brought to his remembrance, what he laboured to forget—a worthless woman, whom he once passionately loved. With a sigh he opened one of the cases, and observing a stone loose, sent for Mr. Brilliant to mend and set it to rights. But judge of the earl's surprise, when the man, examining the aigrette, declared they were false stones, and not the diamonds he had the honour to new set for the countess.

On an investigation of the rest of the jewels, they were all discovered to be false; but so admirable a resemblance of the true, they might stagger the judgment of any but a jeweller. The earl was greatly distressed on account of their being family diamonds, and how to recover them was beyond his reach. It was evident the fraud must have been committed at the instigation of the countess, to support her extravagancy, and her repugnance at giving them up was a convincing proof. An application to her would be in vain: nor would he, could it be avoided, further distress an unhappy father, already sinking under the weight of affliction. Perhaps Fidget could throw some light on the business? Lord Woodly's valet had orders to trace her out; but she could give no further insight, than that her lady used, when pressed by losses at cards, to pawn her jewels, but never knew she had sold them, or they were other than those she used to wear. She was then interrogated as to whom she pawned them? The Jew was named, and sent for, as well as Mr. Brilliant, who could identify the real jewels, and might be proper to be present.

The Jew acknowledged purchasing the real diamonds, and making the imitation, by her ladyship's order, and defied any workman in London to match his skill.

"Where are the real diamonds?"

"I vas shell dem at great lossh."

"To whom?"

"I mush not tell the names of my customers; but to oblige your lordship, I vil try to get dem, if you vish to have dem back?"

Mr. Brilliant, giving the earl a significant look, turned to the Jew, saying he did not suppose his lordship was very anxious to regain them; they were not gentlemen's ornaments; but if they could be re-purchased at an easy rate, he might purchase them himself, in the way of trade, having a knowledge of the diamonds, in working on them, and could ascertain their value. Therefore, if he would call at his shop, he would deal if he could.

My lord understood the hint; so leaving the business to the management of the jeweller, the diamonds were recovered for something more than their intrinsic value.

The earl having instituted a suit against the baronet for *crim. con.* the process at law was drawing to a crisis, and the day of trial announced. The affair having made great noise, the court was uncommonly crowded. The necessary legal process being gone through, and the guilt of the countess undeniably proved, the jury, without quitting the box, shewed their strong sense of the enormity of the crime by awarding 20,000l. damages.

After this decree, with the usual form and dispatch, Earl Grandfield obtained a divorce, and divided the 20,000l. among the public charities, not chusing to pocket the price of his wife's infamy, and his own disgrace.

We shall now return to the countess, (which, to avoid confusion, we shall still call her). On her return to Rose-hill with her father and Merit, something like shame for a time prevailed. She there did not in her former intimates meet that bold daring impudence, setting duty, affection, religion, morality, and every sound and solid principle of reason, and sympathy of the heart, at a distance, as might have been found in the circles of fashion, where such trifles only serve for amusement, in enlivening the jest at the card table. On the contrary, she only met a polite distance, without the smallest approach to a renewal of former intimacy, which had been once courted with sincere esteem, and unaffected respect. She felt this—she felt more. Her loss in point of rank and consequence; the dignity and charms annexed to title were also vanished: she felt all these, but she felt it without that pungency of remorse, that to such crimes were due. She felt it only as a misfortune

misfortune arising from the wickedness of others, in which she had no share, but what impelled by unavoidable circumstances, in which she deserved compassion more than blame. She felt too, and more seriously felt, than all her other disasters together, no source of amusement was left her; for being excluded from society, no parties could be formed to fill card tables for the disposal of that liberal allowance, the noble Grandfield had assigned for her use, and which was now reluctantly compelled to the confines of a strong box, being totally out of her power to sport and waste it at a gaming table. In this mortifying seclusion she remained better than two years, and had become so pale, thin, and emaciated with fretting, that that blaze of beauty beaming in her fine intelligent face, that had conquered all hearts, and even subdued the accomplished Grandfield, was now fled, and scarcely a trait of her former self remaining. Whatever were her faults, to a father she was still dear. She was his child, the offspring of the chaste marriage bed, the legacy of an adored, and ever to be lamented wife, and he had sworn never to desert her. This father then, this infatuated father, unable to bear the state to which she was reduced, and trembling for her life, which seemed quivering on her lips, and in haste for departure, in spite of the remonstrances of the friendly Merit, consented to remove her once more to London, to try what effect company and amusement would produce, and if her pristine state of health could be once more restored.

As persons of rank are above confining themselves to the little, illiberal, low-bred prejudices of the vulgar, her ladyship, in possession of a tolerable flow of cash, soon made her way into fashionable company. Her long-lost darling friends, the cards, paid due respect to the return of their votary; and after indulging themselves in a variety of frisks, frolics, and gambols, by changing sides as easily as a change of colours may be discerned in their gaudy appearance, Madam Fortune, who would have her frisk also, left the countess once more without a shilling!

Truman now "took his turn to reign," and a second tune of a journey into the country, was pretty briskly played up; but somehow it added no life to the spirits of our heroine: it produced tears of momentary contrition, fair promises for the future, and the present grievance was postponed.

One morning a distinguished belle, calling in for a gossiping lounge, suddenly exclaimed—"How does your ladyship like this beautiful ring?"

The countess replied—"What ring?"

"Bless me! my dear, is it possible you should not have seen, or even heard of this diamond, of such beauty and lustre, without, it is said, a parallel? Why Brilliant's shop is become

quite a promenade; every woman of fashion, excepting yourself, has been there. All viewers, but no purchasers."

"How comes that? for if the ring is so extraordinary beautiful, one would not think it would long lie upon hand."

"Why, my dear, the fellow refuses to part from it without the money paid before delivery, and had the insolence to deny credit even to the duchess of Dupe, by which he has lost her grace's custom. Though, upon the whole, he makes pretty good interest of the money lying in the bawble, for as every one must buy something to make amends for the trouble of exhibiting it, the number of trinkets purchased are incalculable."

"But what can be the jeweller's reason for refusing credit to every one, and keeping it thus unsold?"

"The price I suppose. He refuses to part from it for less than 2000l. and that sum, you know, (smiling) is not always convenient. To be sure it is a monstrous price! but you can have no idea of its beauty. You must positively, my dear, take a peep at it. My carriage is ready at the door, and what say you to a rattle into the city now?"

The countess eagerly embraced the offer, and the two friends drove to Ludgate-Hill.

Her ladyship acknowledged it was well worth coming so far to see, and passed very high encomiums on its dazzling beauty, and most uncommon lustre.

After some serious reflection, the most diabolical contrivance that could enter the depraved mind of woman suggested itself. She sent for her old friend the Jew (observe she had never been informed that her former fraud in the counterfeit diamonds had been discovered; the earl, from tenderness to her father, had suppressed the circumstance), but determined not to split again on the rock of improper confidence, wrote by penny-post,* and dropped the letter into the box herself. The man attended the summons, and under the pretence of wishing to purchase the ring, informed him of her wish to see him, herself being no judge of the value of diamonds, and this so extraordinary high, was to ascertain its real worth, that she might not be imposed on. Would reward him for his trouble, would he oblige her by looking at it, and give her his opinion, knowing he was an excellent judge.

The Jew returned, assured her the ring was really cheap in the price, and that it was the finest diamond he had ever beheld; the middle stone was of unusual dimension, very large, and in itself of nearly the value; besides it was of exquisite workmanship; upon the whole, he never saw its equal, and, in all probability, might never be matched.

She

* Town postage was then not raised.

She replied the price was extraordinary, as well as the ring, and required deliberation before she parted with such a sum, but she would think of it; and giving him a genteel present for his trouble, dismissed him, with a request to call on her next morning.

In the morning the Jew attended. After a preparatory conversation, began to compliment him on his skill in the counterfeit jewels he had formerly made her; saying she was going into the country for good, preferring retirement to the bustle of the town; that country people were no great judge of diamonds, and on her hand a cheat would not be suspected; that 2000l. was a large sum, and if he thought he could make a bawble an exact resemblance?

He assured her he could; that he could have sufficient access to Brilliant's shop, for a critical examination, and it should be done out of hand; but it would come high, on account of the workmanship.

This she did not regard, so he was expeditious. The ring was made, and she had frequent trials, the shop being generally so crowded, before she could put her nefarious scheme in execution. When reflecting, the fashionable time of dining would best insure success, she one day drove to her mercer's, and tumbling over silks 'till she observed the jeweller's shop quite free, ordered a gown to be cut off, and walked across to Brilliant's, directing the carriage to follow, and wait at the door. She made a purchase of some trifles; and, smiling said, she must take one peep more at this wonderful ring. She looked at it for some time, sighed heavily, and appeared rather disturbed; then turning to the jeweller, she said, "Mr. Brilliant, there was a time, as you well know, I could have indulged my fancy, in making this bawble my own; now it is impossible, fate denies me the means of the purchase." For a moment she reclined her head on her hand, her elbow resting on the counter. The jeweller was affected, the lady appearing much distressed, having applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and her breath became short. At last she faintly articulated—"Mr. Brilliant, I feel suddenly much indisposed; I fear I shall faint. Will you have the goodness to order some drops, or a glass of water?"

The compassionate man, greatly alarmed, flew to call assistance. Quick as lightning, she exchanged the ring, dropt the true one into her bosom, and deposited the counterfeit in the case. She, to extend the farce, drank some hartshorn and water, when requesting he would order the carriage to draw up, the feeling jeweller respectfully assisted her to get in.

Business obliged the tradesman to dine late, as well as his quality customers, and having by this time a pretty keen appetite, put up his trinkets in a hurry, and prepared for an attack

on

on the mutton. Something calling him out as soon as dinner was over, he was not in his shop again 'till the morning. The curiosity of the belles of rank and fashion, being by this time nearly satisfied, he began to think the jewel would become stationary, as he was not likely to have it taken off his hands in a hurry, unless parted with on credit, which was a very hazardous piece of business, as none but a woman of fashion could want such a trinket, and those he was too well acquainted with not to be on his guard, little suspecting it had been taken off his hands, without any trouble.

The next morning, as usual, every thing was regularly placing and setting off to the greatest advantage before his customers should be dropping in. Early as it was, a most elegant vis-a-vis, with a new flaming livery, drove up to the door, and out tript a *rep* of high ton. This lady had been a pretty good customer to the jeweller, having procured the honour of *bosom friend* to half the rakes in town. She accosted him with—"Well, Brilliant, my dear fellow! give me joy! I have got, at last, into good loaf. Lord—the great East-India nabob has taken to me, and I will make his purse bleed freely; so tip us the *dasher*; I have the little *Abrahams* in my pocket, you old thief. I have engaged a box to night at the play, and am determined the renowned Kitty Cut-a-dash shall not rival me in splendour."

The jeweller smiled, declared himself happy in seeing her in such charming spirits, but, begging her pardon, did not exactly comprehend what she meant, and begged she would have the goodness to explain?

"Why the sparkler, you old Nicholas Nip-close, for you are the greediest hound in London, and never scotches a doit. Why how you stare! do not I tell you I have made my *nest*? and shall have no occasion to *hop the twig* in a hurry. So tip us the ring, the two thousand pounder, and here are the notes down."

The jeweller's comprehension was now no longer at a stand. He soon translated this flow of elegant language into joy to his heart. The ring, thank Heaven! was at last disposed of, and he was going to finger two thousand pounds; so opening the case, took out the jewel, and began to brush it up to the best advantage. When judge his astonishment and dismay, at discovering the cheat, and instead of a diamond of such value, found only a counterfeit stone. He swore, he stampt, he raved, vowed he would run to the Ganges without stopping, or without eating, but he would discover the thief, uttering a thousand other incoherencies 'till he had run himself so out of breath, he could utter no more. The ring however was gone, and the lady, mortified, could not outshine her rival that night.

(To be continued.)

On

On SOCIETY.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

"WE were born for society, and the community of each other, (says an eminent writer) and therefore should contribute as much as is in our power, to the common benefit." Without society, the pleasures of life would become vapid, dull, and tasteless. It soothes our misfortunes, alleviates our sorrows, and gives the highest zest to our pleasures. The misanthrope, who, from an aversion to his fellow creatures, retires from the world with all the evident marks of detestation and disgust, knows not the real enjoyment of life; he flees from the world, because in the natural course of events that divine being who can never err, has not suited every thing to his capricious temper and turn of mind; his whole soul is absorbed in his own selfish views and interests. But the great ruler of the universe did not create man for the enjoyment of himself alone. In the different social duties of life in which we are engaged, we should endeavour to be serviceable to one another, for by promoting their welfare, we promote our own; our interest becomes their's, and their's our's.

The pleasures of retirement, after engaging in society, open anew every source of delight. The purling streams, the verdant meads, the harmonious notes of the feathered choristers, and, in short, all the various works of the creation, alternately present some new idea to lead the mind,

"From nature up to nature's God."

But without society these charms would lose their relish, by being habitual: How pleasing, after a day spent amid the rural scenes of nature, is the agreeable company of our friends! and how much more agreeable are the hours of solitude, after partaking in the busier scenes of life. Were it not for society arts would not flourish, nor commerce extend its diffusive branches over the vast quarters of the globe. Invention also would have been useless, manufactures vain, and a race of unsociable beings would have been caring for themselves, totally indifferent as to the rest of mankind. Each different class in society has its cares and pleasures. The affluent in the midst of their riches, enjoy themselves no more than those who have a less portion of them. One depends on another, whilst many without the assistance of others, would be totally incapable of helping themselves. It has pleased the Almighty, in his divine administration, to give different gifts to each of his creatures, so that some are greater than others. Yet persons, however elevated their situation in life may be, are not happier than

those beneath them, as the poet beautifully expresses it when he says,

" Order is Heav'n's first law, and this confest,
" Some are and must be greater than the rest,
" More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence,
" That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

It was not an unjust remark of some one, who compared society to a father and his offspring, whilst in society they resemble brethren; they all draw their supplies from the same divine source,

" That being God, who as a father proves,
" And only punishes, because he loves."

As a further resemblance of society, repair to yonder emmet hill, and view the commonwealth of those industrious little creatures; they form themselves into a body, and mutually lay in a joint stock, for the support of each other. A society may be also considered as one body, of which every individual is a member, and performs its different office or function; and should any member disagree, and not act according to the rules of the body, that member should be cut off, rather than the whole suffer by it.

Under these different ideas I have considered society, and the advantages arising from it, which was evidently designed by providence for one of the greatest blessings of the human race.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

HERMON.

Exeter, September, 1807.

Extracts from Sir John Carr's Tour in Holland and Germany.

IN the course of our author's route through part of Germany, he gives us several facts, not uninteresting, with respect to the constitution of the French armies, and the system of police which they exercise on the German frontier. At Cologne, he saw the parade every morning and evening, for several days. The conscripts underwent a very short and simple course of drilling; they were taught to wheel, form close column, load, fire, and charge with the bayonet: in five days they were qualified to march with the veteran troops. Very little attention was paid to forming the line; a more slovenly one he never witnessed. Little attention, too, was paid to the dress of the men, who were uniform only in wearing a short jacket;

and in every other article seemed to consult their tastes or their pockets.

Sir J. Carr travelled several days in company with a conscript, an elegant young man, son of a gentleman of fortune, and nephew of a general in that part of the army where he was going to serve. He had no hopes, he said, of raising himself from the ranks, but by good conduct and good fortune. He neither blamed his father for not paying the price of a substitute, nor repined at the conscription. "All that I have now to do," said he, "is to make myself a good soldier."

The rigour of Bonaparte's government, in matters of commercial police, is in proportion to the exclusively military view which he takes of all the objects of policy. At Cologne, Sir J. Carr, by mistake, opened the door of a room, where certain matrons of the police department were examining a number of females who had come across the river, to search for concealed articles of contraband. In his progress up the Rhine, he one day went ashore to take a walk; and getting into a thicket, was a good deal surprised by coming upon a French chasseur, whom he at first took for a robber; but who informed him, that he was one of forty thousand, stationed along the left bank of the river, at the distance of a gunshot from each other, to prevent smuggling. They are dressed in green, for concealment; and hide themselves in the wood, wherever the nature of the ground permits them. It is needless to add, that where there are so many precautions against offending, the temptations to offend must be great, and that the precautions are insufficient after all.

HOLYWELL-MOUNT.

THE very name of Holywell-mount is now almost forgotten. It stood on one side the road that leads from Worship-street to Hoxton. Tradition made it the receptacle of thousands who died of the plague in the year 1665; but from better authority we learn it was a mound of earth raised in the year 1642 (when London was surrounded by a trench), for the defence of the high north road. It covered originally three acres of ground; and from 1765 to 1787 was lessened gradually 'till at last a number of streets arose upon its site.

A QUESTION, *by a a Correspondent of Paul, in Cornwall.*

WHAT two numbers are those whose sum is = to 60, and the sum of their sixth power = 1639040000000? To be found by a simple equation.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Pentreath's Charade, inserted August 3.

AMONGST old Neptune's gallant sons,
Who grace our envi'd land,
You may behold brave THORNBOROUGH,
Amidst a fearless band.

☞ We have received the like answer from H. Easter, and J. Lewis, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Joyce of Tiverton; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. Plugg, of Perranuthnoe; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. Joyce's Charade, inserted the 10th of August.

IN GOLDSMITH's works you'll quickly trace,
WAKEFIELD, the hero's dwelling-place,
Who happiness enjoy'd beside
His chearful, snug, and warm fire-side.

☞ A similar answer has been received from Corporal Colly, and Thomas Coumbe, St. German's; H. Easter, and J. Lewis, Poole; R. Loosemore, Tiverton; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. A. Dyer, Taunton; W. D. of Bristol; H. Ellis, of Exeter; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to Walter's Rebus, inserted August 17.

WHEN swains from rural cares retire,
They seek the ALE-HOUSE in the village,
Where seated 'round a chearful fire,
They talk of cattle, grain, and tillage.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; a youth of the Roborough battalion; a private of the loyal Meneage volunteers; H. L. of Lyme; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; and J. Whitnell, of Street.

A CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

MY foaming first, when tempests blow,
Will toss a vessel to and fro;
A preposition next you'll name;
Find out these parts, and join the same:
A known profession then you'll view,
Untill I write again, adieu.

A REBUS, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

DELIGHTFUL first! by men's great art,
Thy pleasing strains thou dost impart
To charm the list'ning ear:
Ye honour'd bards, a verb disclose,
Which you will easily disclose,
To make my next appear.
If you're inclin'd to know my third,
Go to my first, for there 'tis heard
In style and elegance:
These parts together rightly fram'd,
An instrument of music's nam'd;
That will your soul entrance.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines written on parting with an amiable Relative.

YE glitt'ring scenes, and fair delusions all,
That gild in splendour this terrestrial ball,
Ye empty bubbles, visionary things,
That swell the pomp and majesty of kings;
Say, midst your blaze, can ye a gem compare
With sacred friendship's unpolluted tear?
Or thou Golconda, midst thy shining host,
Canst thou a ruby half as brilliant boast?

I've seen this tear adorn my E—a's eye,
Have seen her breast upheave th' struggling sigh,
Conflicting passions in her bosom reign,
Delight producing, yet reflecting pain.
But thus it is—fate wills it thus should be,
Hope, disappointment; pleasure, misery;
Severe, yet salutary, wisely giv'n,
To bid mankind perfection seek in Heav'n.

In the sweet pleasure of approv'd delight,
Thy gentle virtues crowd upon my sight;
In strength of intellect surpass'd by few,
Social in converse, and instructive too.
Of wit unsullied, purity of mind,
Of manners pleasing, and of taste refin'd.
Soft is the radiance that adorns thine eyes,
Mild as the dove's, and as the serpent's wise.
Engaging sweetness on thy smiles e'er play'd,
Diffusing peace, by innocence convey'd.
Thy pious deeds, with eloquence will prove,
Thy faith, compassion, charity, and love.

Then E—a go, where friends in silence mourn,
Waiting thy wish'd for, much desir'd return;
Let the pleas'd circle, banishing disguise,
Hail thee with tears, and welcome thee with sighs;
Check their fond feelings, bid their transports flee,
And bear to them the peace thou'st robb'd from me.

Camborne. J. B.

The HARP *of* SORROW.

I Gave my harp to sorrow's hand,
And she has rul'd the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly lov'd to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast.

Of

Of long, long years of future care
'Till lingering nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment day of death.

The weeping minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus, o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

'Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill—
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O! snatch the harp from sorrow's hand,
Hope, who has been a stranger long:
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the poet's life thy song!

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fear for ever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead!

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase:
And weary life's triumphant's close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of youth,
Unchanging as Jehovah's love,
And everlasting as his truth;

Sing heavenly hope! and dart thine hand
O'er my frail harp, untun'd so long;
That harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

An EPITAPH.

DEATH triumphs here o'er beauty, wit, and pride,
And fraud and rapine, which the world divide:
Tho' these, with doubt and error, now attend,
And virtue weeps unpitied by a friend;
There is a better world that claims regard,
Where faith and hope will have their just reward.

Dock, Devon.